

WHAT ONE SILLY WOMAN DID.
Edna K. Wooley, a white woman, who is a writer on The Cleveland Daily News, under the above caption, had the following to say last Wednesday on the assault on Dr. Washington:

A senseless woman's suspicion, and a senseless man's sudden use of his fists engendered by that suspicion, have put into a New York-hospital one of the best-charactered men in the United States.

Booker T. Washington is a negro. At the same time he is a gentleman, and his whole appearance bears out the term.

He carries himself with dignity. His intellect and character are stamped on his face. No person of reasonable discernment would brand him, even at first glance, as a skulker or a "Jack the Peeper."

But because he is a Negro, and because some women are silly, and because some men are easily moved by silly women, Booker T. Washington was beaten up by a muscular individual twice his size, the husband of a woman who had hysterically informed him that a Negro was lurking about the hall of the flat building in which the couple lived.

The woman had been out exercising her dog. Upon returning to the building, she found Mr. Washington peering at the names under the letter boxes in the hallway, where he was waiting for a man in an appointment. The woman immediately jumped to the conclusion that, since the stranger was a Negro, he could be no good. Having so informed her husband, he sallied forth and, without asking an explanation, knocked Mr. Washington down.

Washington claims that his assailant had some kind of a stick with which the attack was made. At any rate, the celebrated Negro, who has perhaps done more morally and industrially elevate his race than any other single man, was so badly beaten that he had to be sent to a hospital.

This happened in New York, where race feeling runs high. Perhaps it could not happen in Cleveland. And yet it is a possible happening anywhere.

Because a man's skin is not white, has too often been made the excuse for assaulting and even killing Negroes. There is too much prejudice against the Negro because of his color. He is, as a rule, the most peaceable and gentle of individuals, a good citizen, and usually an example of courtesy which many a white man could do well to emulate.

There are bad Negroes, of course. But that is no more reason why we should suspect every Negro, on sight, than every white man, because there are many—very many—bad white men.

The colored man has his faults. But when you start matching his faults with those of the white man, you will find that the Negro hasn't begun to learn. And, nine times out of ten, you will find that the "bad Nigger" is what the white man has made him.

The Negro imitates his white brother, as nearly as he can. And whether he is good or bad depends largely upon the example which is set before him.

In the just-cited case of Mr. Washington—had he been a white man, and so evil that he polluted the atmosphere about him, he in all probability would have passed muster with the foolish woman who incited her husband to go forth and beat up an innocent colored man. And more than one race riot has had just as unreasonable and unjust a beginning.

More than one lynching of a Negro has covered the crime of a white man.

In the South the race problem has to be handled differently than in the North, it is true. But it is also true that here in the North the average Negro, in spite of his often evident sense of importance, is a pretty de-

cent sort—fully as good as the average white man of his station—and should be given just as good treatment as any other citizen. We have no right to suspect him of evil or maltreat him because of his color.

River Queen.

Dates are now opened for the season of 1911 for the River Queen. Col. Lewis Jefferson, who has always catered to the wishes of the people, and Mr. Bensinger, who never fails to do what he can to please the citizens, have made extensive improvements to the grounds and places under their supervision where the boat will run this summer. There should be no hesitancy in selecting your dates for the excursion season. Now is the time, and the old saying is, delays are dangerous. Col. Lewis Jefferson is well prepared to meet all demands. He has always given the people of this city first-class accommodation. He endeavors to please the people regardless of expense. Every park under the supervision of Col. Jefferson has been improved, which will make the season of 1911 one of pleasure and satisfaction to the patrons of this boat.

Apply at the wharf and make your dates.

The death of Rev. Dr. James Theodore Holly, Bishop of Haiti, the first negro consecrated by the Episcopal church, has been announced. He was born in this city in 1829, and was educated a Roman Catholic. He was ordained priest of the Episcopal body in 1856.

A bill was passed during the last Congress authorizing the appropriation of a sum of money for the erection of a monument over the grave of

John Tyler, the tenth President of the United States in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va. There is now only a granite slab at the head of Tyler's grave.

It is said two Chinese young men will be admitted to West Point Academy annually.

By the will of Mrs. Charlotte Augusta Bradstreet, needy life-savers or their families connected with the thirteen stations on Cape Cod are to have a benefit of \$25,000. Several charitable institutions are also beneficiaries under the will.

The colored citizens of Chicago protested against the "Sins of the Fathers," the new play by Thomas Dixon, being played there. They declare the play represents the Negro as "inferiors and criminals."

The first of the German-American Line of steamships to ply between America and the West Coast of Africa left New York last July. The intention was to have monthly sailings from New York direct to West Africa. It is hoped a very large trade will be built up, so as to continue the monthly trips, as it will eliminate the necessity of chartering vessels by large importers.

In a contest between the men and women of Berwick, Pa., in a church contest, 10,340 pennies were collected. One man alone collected 7,138 pennies. Two German scientists, Drs. Seimbach and Loewy, have successfully applied wireless telegraphy for underground communication. A message was sent correctly nearly a mile and a half at a level of 1,600 feet below the surface.

A total of 7,035 is the strength of the organized and uniformed naval militia of the United States, according to the first issue of an annual register just presented by the Navy Department.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it if they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have. These Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 approximate Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better positions in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

We will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

THE FIRST CLOCKS.

They Were Regarded With Awe, and One at Milan Was Really a Wonder of Mechanism.

It was, we are told, in 1300 that the first clock known to the world was placed in the tower of San Eustorgio, in Milan.

The greatest astonishment and admiration were manifested by crowds who flocked to see the timepiece. In 1344 a clock was installed in the palace of the nobles at Padua. This was a wonder of mechanism indeed, for besides indicating the hours it showed the course of the sun, the revolutions of the planets, the various phases of the moon, the months and the fates of the year.

The period of the evolution from the clock to the watch was seventy-one years—not so very long, all things considered—and the record of the first watch is 1380. A half century later an alarm clock made its appearance. This, we are told, was looked upon by the people of that age as "uninstrument prodigieux."

The fortunate possessor of this clock was Andrea Alciato, a counselor of Milan. The chroniclers have placed on record that this clock sounded a bell at a stated hour, and at the same time a little wax candle was lighted automatically. How this was done we are not told, but it must not be overlooked that until about seventy years ago we had no means of obtaining a light other than the tinder box, so that the Milanese must have been centuries ahead of us in this respect.

Not much progress was made with the watch until 1740, when the second hand was added.—London Globe.

TEMPTED, HE ATE.

A Story of Heinrich Heine and a Toothsome Lyons Sausage.

Returning from a journey to the south of France, Heinrich Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician, in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission and entrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the postchaise was very slow and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife both tasted of the sausage, which dwindled with every mile.

Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of vellum paper and inclosed it in an envelope, with the following note:

Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations we learn that the millilith part of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millilith part of a Lyons sausage, which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your HEINRICH HEINE.

—Ughetti's "With Physicians and Clients."

Old Time English Elections.

In old time England each constituency gave its representative in parliament a horse to carry him to Westminster and also paid his expenses on the road. These expenses, together with an allowance for each day spent on duty at the house of commons, generally at the rate of 80 cents a day, were refunded in one lump sum when the member returned home at the end of the parliamentary year. Sir F. Delaval totaled seven votes in an attempt on Andover in the general election of 1768. An item in his election agent's bill is typical of the reckoning he had to pay: "To being thrown out of the George Inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Delaval, £500." Lord Llandaff won Dungarvan in 1868. The item "£447 whisky," caused him to protest faintly. "Begorra," said his election agent, "if ye want to squeeze a pipplin like that ye'll never do for Dungarvan."

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. A European traveler witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pliers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Cause of Thought.

"You look thoughtful tonight, Smith," remarked Brown as he stretched himself on two chairs.

"Yes," said Smith. "I have just got a note from the landlady."

"What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my board at once or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do."—London Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.

"You know that pretty salesgirl I took home from the dance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?"—Judge.

HER DEAREST WISH

TOT'S HEART SET ON POSSESSION OF A PONY.

And Though It Wasn't a Very Elegant Animal, and the Carriage Was Rickety, Little Girl Was Delighted.

"If I only had a pony," began the little girl. Then she stopped. That pony had been the subject of her dreams and her waking thought for weeks. It had become so much of an all-absorbing subject that it had been frowned upon in the family circle, but suppression only made it more important.

"If I only had a pony," began the little girl had planned it all out. She had told father and mother the plans. Father had looked troubled and mother had seemed sorry. The little girl couldn't understand this, for to every little girl a father always has money, for he has means of earning it that little girls lack.

"Some day," father had said, and on this foundation the little girl had built the dreams and the plans. It was all arranged. There was a nice shed to keep the pony in, and she had gathered grass and put it in a soap box in the stall in case the pony should come.

She would drive to the office for father every day of the world, and when mother wanted something from the grocery in a hurry all she would have to do would be to jump on the pony or get into the little cart that comes with all ponies and get it in no time.

How the other little girls would envy her as she drove past! Some of them she would let ride with her, but some of them—no, they were mean and shouldn't even come near the pony.

Mother told father all these things at night, and father would do sums in mental arithmetic in the dark and postpone the solution to another time, for all sums cannot be worked out right away.

Then mother took a hand. "John," she said, "can't we get some kind of a pony for her? Anything will do. She don't need a fancy pony and cart or anything like that—just something she can drive." Father said he would see.

And a few days later he drove home behind a small and very tame appearing animal that might have been called a horse by courtesy. The buggy was old and rusty, but a coat of paint would settle that, and it would look fine.

"My pony!" said the little girl. That was all. She could say nothing more for at least an hour, not even when she was taken up to the buggy and allowed to drive all by herself.

"It cost only \$20," father told mother when they were together that night, "and the buggy is about to fall to pieces, but she will have just as much fun out of it."

"You're a dear boy," said mother. "Nonsense!" said father, gruffly. "She had to have it."—Galveston News.

Back in the Fold.

"Family pride just about reaches its limit with the Biddies of Philadelphia," said a man who hails from the burg of scrapple. "To be a Biddle in Philadelphia is sort of like being an archangel in heaven—at least from the point of view of the Biddies. One of the women of that numerous family married a man who was quite her social equal, but who was afflicted with the somewhat commonplace name of—well, say Robinson. They have a little girl, who is now about six years old, and the child is never permitted to lose sight of the fact that her mother was a Biddle. In Sunday school a couple of weeks ago her infantile mind was expected to grasp the doctrine of salvation according to the doctrine that we must be born again. When she reached home she ran to her mother, exclaiming: 'O, mother, I have such good news for you!'

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, when you die and go to heaven," explained the little girl, "you'll be a Biddle again!"

Edward's Interest in Medicine.

In particular, the late King Edward was interested in the promotion of everything that might tend to bring the best aid of medicine and surgery within the reach of all, and in the wide employment of any scientific development which might mitigate or, happily, prevent the spread of dangerous disease. He was saved from typhoid fever death by the great Sir William Jenner in 1872. In 1902 Sir Frederick Treves, the great Scotch surgeon, operated on the king for an abscess around his appendix. In 1898 the king saved Guy's hospital from financial collapse. King Edward was Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and was the intimate friend of a number of doctors.

Grasping the Situation.

"I want to exchange these," said the customer, handing a long box across the counter to the saleslady. "I never could wear anything that compressed me so, here," placing her two hands just above her waist line.

"Oh," responded the saleslady, after deftly encircling the customer's waist with a tape measure, "you need a larger size. These are too tight across the diagram."

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

He and the Insurance Man Could Not Agree as to What Was an Accident.

Mr. Halloran surveyed the insurance agent with a dark and hostile countenance. The fact that one eye was concealed by a somewhat grimy bandage did not add to the attractiveness of his expression.

"Haven't you made up your mind yet to insure with us?" inquired the agent. "You told me I might call again in a few days."

"There was two of you at me to get an accident insurance policy," said Mr. Halloran, breathing heavily. "I told you and him both you might call in again, and he come first, day before yesterday, and I insured wid his company."

"That very night I met up wid Barney Casey on the way home, which was what I was expecting wud happen," continued Mr. Halloran, raising himself by grasping the arms of his chair with two capable although scarred hands, "and whin we'd finished wid one another I was like this."

"Yesterday morning I sent for the insurance chap, and says I to him, 'Look at me,' I says, 'and estimate the damages and pay them.'"

"He squirmed right out o' the door, saying 'twas no accident I'd had."

"Now, if meeting wid Barney Casey after keeping out o' his way for six months is no accident I'm done wid insurance companies, and the sooner you lave this house the better 'twill please me."—Youth's Companion.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

An Interview That Made Matters Clear to the Officer.

"Come, mister, no one can sleep here!" said a policeman the other evening when he found a man lying on a vacant plot of land by the side of the road and aroused him.

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"What is it?"

"See that house over there? Well, please to do me the favor to go and ring the bell and ask if William Dockey is at home."

The officer went to the house, ascended the steps and rang the bell.

A head was thrust out of a window, and a woman's voice demanded:

"Now, who is there?"

"Madam," replied the officer, "is William Dockey at home?"

"No, he ain't, and I don't expect him until daylight," said the woman, and at the same time a bowlful of water descended on the officer's head.

"Well," said the man on the ground as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockey. That's Mrs. Dockey."

"I think I understand," replied the officer. "You can remain where you are."—London Answers.

Death, Ancient and Modern.

The art of the ancients would certainly seem to show that their conception of death was a much more cheerful one than that which has obtained in later times. It was at one time thought that the old Greeks and Egyptians had no artistic symbol for death, but this was a misconception. Death was almost invariably represented by them as the kinsman of sleep. The Greeks personified it as Thanatos, elder brother of Sleep. The Romans sometimes depicted Death and Sleep as twin children reposing in the arms of Night. The skull and crossbones and the skeleton as emblems of death do not appear to have become common until comparatively late Christian times. It has been suggested that the terrible fables and pestilences which scourged Europe during the middle ages were responsible for the fear or horror with which the modern mind is usually accustomed to look upon death.

Discourtesy Rebuked.

Lord Palmerston expected work to be done well, but Mr. Preston Thomas in his book tells us that of mere peccadilloes he was tolerant. Some young gentlemen in the foreign office amused themselves by "shining" young ladies who lived on the other side of the street—that is, by catching the rays of the sun on a mirror and flashing them over the way. The father of the young ladies complained to Palmerston, who thereupon issued this minute:

"The secretary of state desires that the gentlemen in his department will not cast disagreeable reflections on the ladies opposite."—London Chronicle.

How to Test Paper.

You cannot test paper as you would string, by stretching it. It has been stretched so much in the process of manufacture that it won't stand much more. The way to test it is to rub it in the hands. After such treatment poor paper is full of holes and cracks. Good paper simply takes the appearance of leather. If much white dust is produced we know there are earthy impurities. If it cracks it has been bleached too much.—London Globe.

On His Own.

"While I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking and golf. Last of all, I gave up something on my own account."

"What was that?"

"The girl."—Judge's Library.

Feminine Bliss.

A woman's idea of paradise: A pocketbook full of money, a bargain sale and she the only customer in the store.—Smart Set.

When thou wishest to delight thyself think of the virtues of those who live with thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

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Inflammation of the Kidneys, Constipation. Pain in the back. It removes Uric acid from the blood, thereby relieving Rheumatism and many other long-standing diseases of the Kidneys & Bladder due from habit-forming drugs.

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